

THE

National AND ENGLISH Review

Vol. 153

AUGUST, 1959

No. 918

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

TWO SHILLINGS





The huge 42,000-ton BP tanker "British Duchess" comes slowly alongside the new jetty at Finnart.

First 'Giant Tanker' Terminal in Europe opens

Capable of berthing 100,000-tonners at any time

FINNART, LOCH LONG

Recently at Finnart on Loch Long in Scotland a new oil tanker jetty was opened. This jetty makes Finnart the first ocean terminal in Europe capable of berthing fully-laden 100,000-ton tankers on any tide—and one of the first in the world.

3 Million Tons of Oil

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The Pipeline from Finnart

That answer was to build a jetty and storage tanks at Finnart on the west coast and pipe the oil 57 miles underground across the narrow 'neck' of Scotland to Grangemouth. This pipeline—the only major crude oil pipeline in the whole of Britain—was completed, together with the first Finnart jetty, in 1951.

But there was a further problem. Every year world production and world demand for oil increase. Every year the oil tankers grow bigger. Today BP have 42,000-tonners in operation, and 65,000-tonners on order. And so a new step forward had to be made at Finnart.



From Finnart, crude oil is piped across the 'neck' of Scotland to the BP Refinery at Grangemouth.

The New Jetty

Recently the 42,000-ton "British Duchess" cruised up Loch Long and began unloading her cargo of crude oil at Finnart. The arrival of this great vessel marked the opening of the new jetty capable of berthing the 100,000-tonners of the future.

To everyone in Britain, especially to every motorist, the new jetty can serve as a reminder of the dynamic and imaginative thinking that lies behind the BP products they buy at their garage.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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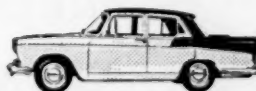
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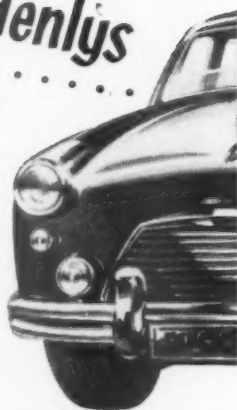
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Episodes of the Month

HOPES of an early settlement in the printing dispute proved ill-founded, so this issue, like the last, has been produced under emergency conditions. Once again we apologize to our readers for any resultant annoyance or inconvenience to them.

Welensky in London

BEFORE the publication of the Devlin Report Sir Roy Welensky came to London to discuss the future in Central Africa. He is one of the smartest politicians in the business and he may well have been glad that restriction in the size of newspapers imposed a fairly strict limit on the amount of Press publicity given to his visit. He addressed a few well-selected audiences, including the Parliamentary Labour Party and the Bow Group, and it is understood that he made a distinctly favourable impression. That he succeeded in doing so is as much attributable to their gullibility as to his unusual gifts of casuistry and bluff.

Realizing that Dominion status for the Federation is unlikely to be granted in the immediate future, Sir Roy has shrewdly switched his demand for full self-government to the territorial level. But there must be no question of handing over any more power in Central Africa unless and until there is a democratic franchise. Sir Roy is adamantly opposed to such a franchise and he appeals to the ignorant self-esteem of this country by saying that democracy was introduced here only after ten centuries of development. This is a totally bad point, but its validity is still much too often assumed. India has shown that democracy can be made to work even when the electorate would, as to an overwhelming majority, satisfy neither an educational nor a property qualification. And many countries (Germany, for instance) have shown that a high standard of living and a high level of public instruction do not necessarily provide the conditions for democratic government. The Rhodes dictum "Equal rights for all civilized men" is Welensky's talisman, but his definition of a civilized man seems to exclude the vast mass of Indians who are enfranchised and whose enfranchisement has helped to make India the

most stable of Asian countries. And if he is no racist, it is an odd coincidence that the application of his political theory in Central Africa would have the effect of maintaining power for many years to come, perhaps indefinitely, in the hands of a racial minority.

On the African side we submit that a serious mistake has been made in attacking the Federation as such. Economically and politically, there are strong arguments for a federal State embracing the three territories of Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland; but the State must be given a democratic constitution. Democracy should be the African demand, not secession (which implies that the Africans of Southern Rhodesia would be left as helots of a white oligarchy, while the Northern territories, or at any rate Nyasaland, became independent after the fashion of Ghana). We beg the African Congress leaders to appreciate that Federation will cease to be a bogey, and will become a major asset, once they have won democratic rights for their people and are able to exercise freedom of choice.

Boycott of South African Goods?

MARY BENSON ends the article on South African "volunteer" labour, which we publish this month, with a reference to the movement to boycott South African goods. As we write, there is considerable discussion of the "pros" and "cons" of such a boycott. Our own view is that governments, as such, should not use economic sanctions against other governments with which they are on friendly, or at least diplomatic, terms. But individuals or unofficial organizations must be free to withdraw their purchasing power for the sake of a cause, just as trade unions and their members are free to withdraw their labour. The only question, therefore, is whether or not the external boycott of South African goods will help to bring about political change in South Africa.

We are convinced that it will, and that the immediate distress which may be caused to Africans themselves, because they are the poorest and most economically vulnerable section of the community,

is a necessary and worth-while sacrifice. The alternatives are serfdom in perpetuity or bloody revolution. When there is no constitutional remedy—and it is idle to pretend that the existing white electorate in South Africa will ever vote for racial integration—the genuine reformer must look to extra-constitutional methods. Economic pressure is infinitely preferable to violence, and if big business interests in the Union, which are ostensibly opposed to the Nationalist Government, were to exercise such pressure there would be no need for anti-racialists outside South Africa to enter into the campaign. But those interests will not use their power to establish a just and democratic regime in the country, so outsiders must do what they can—and the boycott movement, if properly organized, may have decisive results.

Private citizens in this country can help by refusing to buy South African sherry, wine and liqueur; tinned fruit, jam and fish; Outspan oranges, Cape apples, Cape grapes, pineapples, pears and Avocado pears; also wool and other raw goods.

Take-over Bids

OUR COLUMNIST Axminster discusses take-over bids (see page 54) and we agree entirely with his three points for "companies which do not wish to be swallowed." We would add, however, that untaxed capital gains, like unreformed public schools, are a social evil which has been tolerated for too long. Whatever the administrative difficulties, a capital gains tax should be introduced. At the same time estate duty rates should be lowered, but the payment of estate duty should be ensured by the introduction of a gifts tax. The present loophole of gifts *inter vivos* has no place in a decent, self-respecting economy.

The Cousins Challenge

THOUGH he is at pains to insist that he is not splitting the Labour Party, Mr. Cousins's H-bomb policy, endorsed by his union (the T.G.W.U.), is a direct challenge to the leadership of Mr. Gaitskell. We can safely predict that Gaitskell will get the better of Cousins, as Baldwin got the better of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. Meanwhile it may be observ-

ed that Cousins is doing the country a good turn by drawing attention to the absurd constitution of the Labour Party. The transport workers have a perfect right to discuss the H-bomb at their annual conference, but they should not command preferential voting strength within the Labour Party as a whole. Indeed the system of trade union block votes at Labour Party conferences is out of date. Big business may help to finance the Tory Party, but it has no machinery for imposing its will at a party conference.

The Queen in Canada

THE QUEEN and Prince Philip had an arduous, but also a fairly rewarding, time in Canada. There was, however, a good deal of criticism of the "tour" among Canadians and in the Canadian Press, and the Queen herself might be able to add some criticisms of her own.

The moral to be drawn is that *spectacular* royal visits, for *brief* periods, are no longer desirable. They cost too much, in money and human effort, and they do not enable the Queen to escape from the limitations of United Kingdom monarchical routine into the glorious freedom of Commonwealth leadership. She must, indeed, travel—this is an essential part of her job—but when she arrives in a country she must stay there for a proper length of time, and in a more quiet and normal atmosphere. So long as her travels are based upon the idea of residence in only one country of the Commonwealth, she will be at home nowhere else and may even cause embarrassment—to herself and others. She must choose between her U.K. past and her Commonwealth future: there are no gimmicks whereby the two can be successfully combined. She must either become, like the Pope, a static sovereign, enveloped in a semi-mystical aura of tradition (in which case she might as well abdicate as Head of the modern Commonwealth), or she must say goodbye to the mixture of U.K. gracious living and oversea carpet-bagging of which her life now consists.

The Index to Volume CLII (January-June 1959) is now available on application to THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW, 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

IT IS GENERALLY assumed that the British and American systems of government, though similar in that both are democratic, are in detail basically different. The United States' Constitution, we are told, provides for a separation of powers, not only as between the States and the Federal Government, but also as between the legislative and executive branches of that Government; whereas the British Constitution (which is anyway not embodied in the form of a single written instrument) provides for a unitary State and the combination of legislative and executive authority in a sovereign Parliament. My purpose in this article will be to show that the differences between the two systems are much less, in practice, than they are supposed to be; and more especially that the office of Prime Minister in the United Kingdom is becoming closely comparable with that of President in the United States.

Local autonomy is, of course, a more formidable factor in America than in Britain, where local government is the creature of the central government, rather than *vice versa*. Nevertheless, the 20th century has seen a vast extension of Federal activity and responsibility in the United States. "In 1889", says Professor Max Beloff in a new book on the subject,* "the United States government spent about 299 million dollars in all, of which about 65 million, only a little more than one-fifth, represented the cost of the two defence departments. In 1954 the Federal Government spent about 67,772 million dollars, of which over 45,000 million dollars, or just two-thirds, could be classified as having been devoted to the purposes of national security". In addition to the overriding demands of hot or cold war, the Federal Government has also become deeply involved in social and economic matters on the home front. The desegregation issue has shown that there may still be dangerous conflicts between the State and Federal Governments: the Civil War tipped the balance of power

decisively in the latter's favour, but the States have not been reduced to the condition of English counties. Thus the Governor of New York, say, or of Illinois may well be thought suitable as a candidate for the American Presidency, but it is hard to imagine the chairman or majority leader of even the London County Council being recommended, as such, for the British Premiership.

Within the American Federal Government the separation of powers is more apparent than real. True, there is an elected chief executive, the President, who is not a member of the legislature and is not responsible to it. But the President cannot function effectively without a fair measure of cooperation from the Congress, while the Congress has to take into account both the President's power of veto and his personal influence with individuals and with the electorate as a whole. President Eisenhower, for instance, has been working, on the whole successfully, with a Democratic majority in Congress; and formerly, when he had to deal with a Republican Congress, containing many members who had little sympathy with his own liberal brand of Republicanism, the fact that he was himself immensely more popular than his party was a vital sanction.

In Britain there is no formal separation of powers: on the contrary, the Government is composed of members of one or other House of Parliament, who are responsible to Parliament for what they do. Parliament is *theoretically* sovereign. But the modern party system, combined with universal suffrage, has made the sovereignty of Parliament hardly less of a legal fiction than that of the Queen. The House of Lords has been reduced (quite rightly) to a state of near-impotence, and the elected Chamber is governed by the doctrine of the mandate and the power of the party machines. In recent years there has been very little cross-voting in the House of Commons. M.Ps. have become automata, voting as a matter of course for their parties in almost every division. They also act as welfare officers for their constituents, but this is a far cry from the conception of their role which Burke made

* *The American Federal Government*. By Max Beloff. O.U.P. 7s. 6d.

famous.

Along with Parliamentary sovereignty the notion of Cabinet responsibility has now passed into limbo. The Suez episode, which illuminated the British political scene as with a flash of lightning, threw into sharp relief the towering figure of the Prime Minister. Both by his colleagues and by his opponents Sir Anthony Eden was held to be responsible for the Suez policy. When Mr. Gaitskell spoke on television at the height of the crisis, he urged Conservatives to disown, not the Cabinet, but Sir Anthony Eden personally; and when Eden later resigned there was a tacit feeling that the whole incident was *thereby* closed. A British Prime Minister today has more in common with an American President than with his 19th century predecessors. On both sides of the Atlantic the chief executive occupies a unique position. He is not *primus inter pares*: he is the boss.

The Prime Minister, like the President, is the leader of his party. In America, a man has to be chosen by his party before he can be elected President: in England he may become Prime Minister before he has been chosen by his party—as happened with Macmillan in 1957. Once installed, the apparatus of State patronage is in his hands. An American President “hires and fires” his Cabinet colleagues, and it is surely no exaggeration to say that a British Prime Minister does the same. They must, indeed, sit in Parliament, but this requirement only partially limits a Prime Minister’s freedom of choice, because he can appoint people from outside Parliament and then find seats for them, either in the Commons or in the Lords. (A vacancy in the Lower House can easily be created by kicking a sitting Member “upstairs”). In Britain the scope of patronage is even wider than in America, because of the honours system. Faithful service in the House of Commons, or in the local party associations, may be rewarded by a medal or a title. Recognition which is considered adequate for the most eminent citizens (authors, artists, philosophers, etc.) may be given to honorary, or even to salaried, party workers. There was a great hullabaloo when Lloyd George was suspected of selling honours, but the cash nexus is not the only form of corruption, and it would be hard to deny that successive Prime Ministers have found the

honours lists convenient as a means of bolstering their own power. Presidents operate what is called the “spoils” system, under which party supporters are appointed to embassies and other official posts. In Britain the foreign, colonial and home civil services are fairly well insulated against political interlopers, but there are many appointments other than Ministerial which a Prime Minister can make, and which help him to sustain the eager loyalty of his supporters. It will be seen that he is even more of a Santa Claus than the President.

In the television age heads of government have a better chance than ever before to project themselves in the consciousness of the governed. Sound radio began the process. Baldwin exploited this medium with extreme skill; so did Franklin D. Roosevelt. As Head of State as well as chief executive an American President may enjoy at an election some of the advantages of a constitutional monarch: Eisenhower has certainly become a father-figure to many of his compatriots. The personality cult of a British Prime Minister or party leader is fortunately distinct from that of the Queen, but it has been growing extravagantly. Neville Chamberlain saw himself, and was seen by many, as a national saviour. Churchill, a fitter object for hero-worship, was expected to win the 1945 election for his party single-handed, and there is reason to think that many electors would have liked to be free, as in America, to vote for him as chief executive without necessarily voting for the local candidate of his party. Attlee, whose standing as party leader and as a national figure had previously been negligible, soon entrenched himself when he took over the Premiership. Efforts by some of his colleagues to remove him came to nothing, and before long the Labour Party was looking to this “modest little man” as its outstanding electoral asset. With a shrewdness that has not yet been fully acknowledged Attlee combined a ruthless use of his many and various powers as Prime Minister with an ostentatious and well-judged simplicity—all the more effective in his case, as it contrasted with the seigniorial magnificence of Churchill. In 1955 Labour posters up and down the country proclaimed “You can trust Mr. Attlee”, but Churchill had then withdrawn and Attlee was faced with the most

idolized British politician of modern times—Anthony Eden. Apart from his distinguished record as Foreign Secretary under Churchill he was the darling of the British public and a natural television star. Nobody could hate him, and for large sections of the public he had an appeal which may, perhaps, be likened to that of Mr. Liberace. His successor is now being built up by Conservative propagandists and is already worth several hundred thousand votes at an election as Macwonder the Unflappable; but he will be hard put to it to win even half as many floating votes as Eden did. Mr. Gaitskell, for his part, lacks the individual fascination of Attlee, but in fairness to him it must be said that he has yet to hold the magic office of Prime Minister. Like Macmillan he goes on “royal progresses” to different parts of the country, followed by droves of journalists, photographers and TV cameramen. Though he is not yet a national pin-up he has largely remade the Labour Party in his own image and has hitherto disposed of every threat to his authority.

According to one highly intelligent observer an American President is “George III elected for four years”. A British Premier, who has inherited so much of what was formerly royal power, is elected for five years. What is more, he may, within that period, choose his own time for an election, whereas American Presidents are bound by the time-table enshrined in the Constitution. This is another respect in which the British chief executive has manifestly more latitude than his American counterpart. The prerogative of dissolution is still exercised by the Sovereign, but it has become axiomatic that, except on the most rare and extraordinary occasions, it will be used on the Prime Minister’s advice and at his discretion. Quinquennial Parliaments were substituted for septennial in the Parliament Act of 1911, but the five-year interval has none of the fixity of an American Presidential term. Prime Ministers may ask for a dissolution at any time within the five years, and in an emergency the life of a Parliament may be prolonged, as was that of the Parliament elected in 1935 and dissolved in 1945. No general elections were held in Britain during either of the World Wars, but the President of the United States had to secure re-election in 1944, though his country was a belli-

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gerent and he was Commander-in-Chief of its armed forces. The desirability of political campaigning in war-time may be questioned, but in general there is much to be said for elections which take place at a known and pre-determined date, rather than at one selected capriciously by an interested party. The case for not too frequent elections is that a government must be given a chance to introduce, and recover from, unpopular measures and that legislators must not all the time be looking over their shoulders. In the United States Senators are elected for a longer term (six years) than the President or members of the House of Representatives. In Britain the executive's term of office could be reduced only by shortening the life of Parliament, and it is arguable that four years would be the appropriate interval. Triennial Parliaments would probably be too much of a good thing.

Granted the quasi-dictatorial powers which are wielded by the heads of government, it is obviously most important that they should be readily removable in the event of grave infirmity or madness. In fact, however, they are exceedingly hard to remove. An American President may be certified unable to discharge his duties, but Professor Beloff points out that the Constitution fails to direct whose job it is to certify his inability.

"It is clear that President Wilson was completely incapacitated for a considerable period after the stroke which he suffered . . . in October 1919—indeed he remained a sick man for the whole year and a half until the end of his term of office. But since no resignation was forthcoming, it appeared that there was nothing that could constitutionally be done, and for the worst period of his illness it would hardly be too much to say that supreme authority in the United States lay with two non-elected persons—the President's wife and his private secretary—through whom all communication with him had perforce to pass".

More recently "it has been suggested that during President Eisenhower's grave illnesses the powers of the American Government were largely in the hands of two men—Sherman Adams and the Press Secretary, James C. Hagerty". On the face of it Britain is spared such irregularities, but closer inspection will reveal that a similar problem exists in this country. So much of his party's prestige is invested in a Prime Minister, and his genius and statesmanship have been so widely adver-

tised, that to evict him from No. 10 Downing Street against his will is a most precarious operation. A number of his colleagues may threaten resignation, but Lord Salisbury and Mr. Peter Thorneycroft have shown that a Prime Minister can now see the departure of strong and high-ranking Ministers without undue concern. As a rule they will hesitate to attack him openly; they will give up their jobs with the promise of continued support for his Administration. Should they attempt to unseat him, they would have to reckon with the party's instinct of self-preservation. Even Neville Chamberlain, in the mortal crisis of 1940, was not repudiated by a majority of his party in the House of Commons, and there was never any sign of a Cabinet revolt against him. Since then the almost mystical ascendancy of the Prime Minister has been still further enhanced. It seems to be against the rules of the British political game, as it is now played, to communicate to the people of Britain the essential facts relating to the health or otherwise of the man who is guiding their destinies, for good or ill. When Sir Winston Churchill had a stroke on the eve of his departure for a major international conference, in 1953, the public was merely told that he was tired and needed to rest: the true nature of his illness has never been officially disclosed, though he himself let slip a remark, much later, in the House of Commons, to the effect that he had been literally paralysed. It is now rumoured, in privacy, that Sir Anthony Eden's colleagues were very worried about his physical and psychological state long before he disappeared to Jamaica, leaving British troops standing illegally upon Egyptian soil, Britain's oil supplies in jeopardy, and Britain's good name in the world defiled; but they were careful not to let their anxiety be known. The American public at least is told when the President is ill, though there may be no constitutional remedy for the resultant difficulties. When President Eisenhower suffered a coronary thrombosis the news was immediately given and the progress of his illness was minutely recorded for the benefit of his fellow-citizens and the world at large. In this Britain should follow America's example. Medical details may be unpalatable, but when so much depends upon the health of one man secrecy is

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER

clearly not in the public interest.

In Britain, as in the United States, there is no guarantee that the best men will get to the top. Presidential candidates are chosen by the party conventions, and Professor Beloff remarks that "the American system of selecting candidates . . . , while it widens the choice available, does so in such a way that it renders it quite uncertain whether the outcome will be satisfactory or not . . .". He concedes, however, that in the present century "the two Roosevelts and Wilson would presumably meet the normal definition of 'great men'". Can Britain during the same period, claim to have had as many as three great men in the Premiership? It might be said that two only—Lloyd George and Churchill—fall into that category, and it is worth noting that both came to power in exceptional circumstances. Neither was elected by his party colleagues in the House of Commons, and it is most unlikely that either would have been elected had the choice lain with any constitutional body of politicians. Churchill, for instance, was mistrusted on both sides in Parliament. Chamberlain wanted Halifax as his successor; this was also the King's desire and Attlee, too, appears to have favoured Halifax when he was asked (by Brendan Bracken) whom he would like to see at the head of a Coalition Government. But when Chamberlain told Churchill and Halifax together that he was about to resign, and asked for their views on a successor, Churchill maintained a grim silence until Halifax, sensing the atmosphere, withdrew from the competition. Chamberlain then advised the King to send for Churchill. Those who perceive an element of the miraculous in the way Britain obtained the right leadership in 1940 cannot easily be laughed out of court.

The myth of Parliamentary sovereignty gives a British Prime Minister a plausible excuse for keeping the Press at arm's length: he can always say that Parliament must hear the news, or his views, first. In America, where the chief executive may be subjected to Congressional questioning only indirectly, the device of Presidential Press Conferences has been developed and fulfils some of the purposes of Question Time in the House of Commons. Woodrow Wilson was the first President to hold regular Press Conferences. Harding and Hoover gave few, but Coolidge gave "an

average of nearly two a week" and Franklin Roosevelt made good use of the expedient. Truman and Eisenhower have given less, on average, than Roosevelt, but the Press Conference has come to stay. In Britain Prime Ministers are already beginning to show that they attach as much importance to Press relations (which includes wireless and television) as to Parliamentary relations; but they are not yet in the habit of giving open Press Conferences. They may permit themselves to be interviewed by individual journalists, or they may appear on television, but they do not allow representatives of the world Press to invade Downing Street and fire questions at them freely. If Parliamentary proceedings, especially Question Time, are televised, it may never be necessary to develop the head of government's Press Conference in this country as it has been developed in America. But against this the point may be made that the Prime Minister does not answer many questions in Parliament and that M.Ps. are not always the fairest or the most pertinacious of questioners. If they are on the Prime Minister's side they do not want to embarrass him; if they belong to the Opposition they may want to embarrass him too much. Journalists may have a slightly more impartial approach—and anyway, unlike M.Ps., they work all the year round.

Having compared the offices of President and Premier in their modern setting, I would not presume to draw any conclusions for the American nation. Further Constitutional amendment may well be called for, but that is obviously a matter for the Americans. So far as Great Britain is concerned, I will briefly summarize the changes which seem to be indicated:—

1. Parliaments should be elected for a fixed term of four years.
2. The Royal Prerogative of Dissolution should remain, but its extra-curricular use should be very rare indeed.
3. The House of Lords should cease to have any power to delay legislation passed by the elected Chamber.
4. The honours system should be taken out of the hands of the Prime Minister.
5. The Prime Minister should abandon all pretence of being *primus inter*

parens and should be known for what he is—the virtual equivalent of an American President.

6. The state of his health and any other considerations affecting his fitness for the job should not be concealed from the public.

7. He should be open to regular and uninhibited questioning.

With these safeguards the country should be able to overcome the fear of creeping despotism which a candid appraisal of the Premiership, as it is today, cannot fail to arouse.

ALTRINCHAM.

THE "VOLUNTEERS"

By MARY BENSON

DANIEL TEMBU is an eighteen-year-old youth who lives with his widowed mother, Dorcas. In Johannesburg he has a steady job as messenger which means a lot to her for she is getting too old to keep up with her work as a washerwoman. Being African they live in a fenced-in location ten miles outside the city and if Daniel is to be on time in the morning he must join the long bus queue by 5.30. One morning he oversleeps and runs off in such haste that he forgets his reference book—the pass that all Africans must carry. A few hours later while he is out delivering a letter he is rudely reminded of this when police accost him and demand his pass. Desperately he tries to explain but is called a "cheeky kaffir" and is taken into custody. He does not know anything about the law, except that it seems to be different for white and black, and he does not understand much Afrikaans. The police hustle him along to an office in the centre of Johannesburg and there leave him in a room numbered 53—which has a sign outside saying "No Europeans Admitted". He does not know that this is the Labour Bureau. A man there tells him that his crime is a serious one. He is threatened with a long term of imprisonment. But, the man adds, if he volunteers to work on a farm for six months, the matter will be overlooked. On the farm, he is told, he will have days off, a wage of about £3 a month, food and medical supplies.

Daniel chooses—"Farm". He and a number of other Africans—some apprehended for not having special permits to be in an urban area, some for being "foreign" even though they have lived in the Union for anything up to forty years, some for not being up-to-date in tax payments—are herded into a truck, locked in, and driven away.

There has been no arrest: no charge.

The last that Dorcas heard of him was the sound of his footsteps, running to join the bus queue. When he does not return that night she is worried: has he been attacked by *tsotsis*? She waits through the night and when the morning comes she goes to the local police station but they know nothing. She tells herself that he has been arrested for some trivial offence that is no crime, for this is a common happening under the white government's laws, and she expects him back in a few days. When he does not come she goes again to the police station but their gruff retorts frighten her away. Perhaps he has been killed in an accident in the city. She grieves; he is her only child. She tries to get more washing from the remote white suburbs so that she may keep alive.

When Daniel fails to return to the office, his employer's only comment is: "These damn natives, all alike, hopelessly unreliable".

Some months later a neighbour comes to Dorcas with an African newspaper. It says that one of its reporters and a white lawyer are asking Africans whose relatives have disappeared to report these cases, as the men may have been forcibly removed to white farms. She is too timid to go, so the neighbour does it for her. A few weeks later the reporter fetches her in his car. He says that a man who managed to escape from a farm had given her son's name as one of the labourers still there. They drive for a few hours through Transvaal countryside and dorps till they reach a farm. Faced with a writ of *habeas corpus*, the farmer has admitted that Daniel is one of his labourers and with ill-concealed disgust he takes the white journalist and the old African woman to the labour compound. At his call, two African boss-boys with knobkerries bring a key and unlock the door of a long shed. One of

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them calls Tembu's name and the youth shuffles forward.

Dorcas is too overcome at finding her son who was lost to notice what his surroundings are like but the journalist's observant eye is noting the conditions and later he publicizes them: in the bitter cold about thirty men, many of whom look gaunt and ill, dressed only in torn trousers and shirts, are sitting around a vermin-infested, dark room. The only ventilation is the door. The only beds or bed-covers are filthy sacks on the concrete floor. He discovers their conditions of work: backbreaking labour in the fields, driven on, sometimes assaulted, by the bossboys, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. with a short break for lunch. The food is porridge, with meat once a week. If they want more they must pay for it. Each evening and throughout Sunday the "volunteers" are locked into the shed. Nevertheless several of them contrive to escape and one courageously discloses the conditions and name of the farm—courage is needed because on some occasions, complainants are simply returned by the police to the farmer and he shows his pleasure with a suitable punishment: extra labour without pay, perhaps, or a flogging.

A few days later, in spite of attempts by the farmer to delay, the case comes before the Supreme Court and the Judge orders the immediate release of Daniel Tembu.

* * *

These are fictional people in a case typical of many that in the past two months have stirred the conscience of those few whites in South Africa who have retained so uncomfortable a part of the soul. There are variations on the theme—seventy men instead of thirty; a corrugated iron hut with one window; a sister or wife instead of a mother; a boy of sixteen, or even a man of sixty-one. A journalist, Basil Hitchcock, of the *Golden City Post*, in an affidavit about a farm in the Kendal district, said of one such compound: "I have in the course of my journalistic career over many years investigated living conditions in notorious gaols, slums and refugee camps in the Far East, England and Africa, but I have never before seen human beings living in such abject filth and misery as those I encountered when I entered that room". (*Pretoria News*, May 22, 1959.)

During three weeks in May fifteen men

were released from such conditions because of the efforts made by an attorney, Joel Carlson, by the Black Sash women's organization, and the newspapers *Post* and *New Age*. Mary Mtembu applied for the "production" of her husband, Jackson, and when he was found and released, he in turn applied for his friend Dube; Violet Mambola applied for her son Andrew; Esther Sonanzi for her brother; Rosalie Antonia for her son-in-law. More have applied, but it is a difficult process as it is seldom known to which farm the men have been sent. And sometimes men have died and been buried on the farms without anyone being informed, nor have the Labour Bureaus initiated any enquiries.

Farmers in Leslie, Heidelberg, Endicott, Nigel and Kendall (all in the Transvaal), have been cited, and in some cases rule *nisi* with petition and supporting affidavits have been served on Commissioners of Police and Native Commissioners.

Mr. Carlson has made representations to the Government and, in an address at the University of Witwatersrand, said the scheme "was too shocking and horrible to live with. It humiliates the officers and the farmers and ruins their souls". He pointed out that the "six months on a farm" became 180 working days in which days off because of sickness or rain did not count. This was chosen by Africans too frightened or too ignorant to realize that under the law their actual punishment was probably a £1 fine (or four days' imprisonment). The African firmly believed that he was being "sold" to the farmer for that is the term (*thengisile*) used by the police and other officials when dealing with the "volunteers".

The system, furthermore, is illegal, being neither statute nor common law, but based on a circular issued in 1954 by the Secretary for Native Affairs and concurred in by the Secretary for Justice and the Commissioner of Police. Its stated objects were to save money on the many daily arrests and prosecutions of natives for "contraventions of a purely technical nature" (such arrests, the circular adds, "serve no useful purpose"); and to assist unemployed natives to obtain employment. The circular says that the object of the scheme "is to induce (my italics) unemployed natives roaming about the streets in the various urban areas to accept employment outside such urban areas".

"Priority must be given to farm labour . . ." "Natives who on account of their declining to accept employment are not released, are returned to the South African Police for prosecution". (Circular 23 of 1954). The Chief Information officer of the Department of Bantu Administration describes it as "a welfare scheme for natives who could not find employment".

Mr. Justice de Wet, commenting on a case before him in the Supreme Court, Pretoria, said it appeared to be common cause that when an African was sent to a farm he was not given the chance to communicate with his family or employer. What right had a policeman to hand over an arrested African to the Native Commissioner, the Judge asked. Was it not the policeman's duty to take a man to court within a certain time? (*Rand Daily Mail*, June 5, 1959).

Probably the worst case so far discovered has been widely publicized in Britain: in the affidavits supporting a *habeas corpus* petition for the return of Musa Sadika, who had been missing for seven months, charges of widespread brutality were made by farm workers, which led to the exhumation of a body on the farm. The farmer, P. J. Potgieter, admitted that there had been about eighty escapes from his farm in a few months, yet it seemed he could always get more labour from the Nigel Farm Labour Depot, although, according to the Minister of Justice, the farm had been black-listed in August, 1956, because of "unsuitable accommodation". The Depot has now cut supplies of labour. Potgieter has denied allegations of murder and assault. The case is under investigation.

When Sadika appeared in court, the Judge found it necessary to say to the trembling man: "You must answer my questions without fear. No one may harm you. No one is entitled to keep you in custody except the State and that for proper reason of law . . ." (*New Age*, May 7, 1959). Like Sadika, many Africans are unaware of such meagre rights as they do have in South Africa, and now a Committee (which includes the Bishop of Johannesburg) has been set up to help to educate them in this, and to provide legal and other aid for victims of the scheme.

The Department of Bantu Administration at first defended the scheme, saying its "weakness" was lack of a guarantee

that a native would receive good treatment from his employer. A United Party critic said it was not the farmers, but the way the scheme was implemented, that she was attacking. The fact is that while most farmers are not guilty of this semi-slavery, there have been for years notorious cases of ill-treatment by some farmers and there must have been many more that have never been uncovered.

The recorded cases in Bethal district go back to 1929. By 1944 the Public Prosecutor was saying that cases of assault on the farms there had become "very common", and sometimes labourers were flogged to death. By 1947 the Magistrate was describing the number of cases as "prolific", but despite the outcry that followed disclosures made by the Anglican Church, by the Revd. Michael Scott and the *Rand Daily Mail*, the atrocities continued. In 1952 *Drum* carried a horrifying testimony and again in 1956 Anthony Sampson spotlighted it in his book, as did Michael Scott in 1958. Recently *Drum* pointed out that although their earlier article had "caused a stir", there had been no improvement in farm labour conditions there.

* * *

White South Africa is a sick society. This being so it would not occur to Government nor to some farmers that the way to attract labour is by good conditions and security. The farmers have a loaded vote, and so to the Government's way of thinking the only course is to force unwilling labour to the farms, or to build real gaols on some farms and hire out cheap convict labour, from which the Government makes some £400,000 a year. Supervision of labour conditions is virtually non-existent.

As a result of the recent publicity—and no doubt of the African National Congress boycott of potatoes too—and in spite of the fact that he and the Nationalist Press attacked the publicity as a "campaign of calumny" on the part of the English Press, the Minister of Bantu Administration has now admitted that an enquiry is necessary and has temporarily suspended the scheme while this is made. But it is to be carried out by his own Department and the S.A. Agricultural Union, and not by the judicial committee which critics of the scheme demanded.

The most encouraging result of all the publicity has been the report that the supply of "native volunteers" is drying up.

ON BEING TRANSLATED

Also, after an on-the-spot investigation by two senior officials of the I.C.F.T.U., the journal of this immensely powerful organization has pointed out that the men "who callously perpetrate and make handsome

profits out of this kind of bestiality" are not "likely to be influenced by moral appeals": therefore, it calls for action by the labour movement throughout the West, including a boycott of South African goods.

MARY BENSON.

ON BEING TRANSLATED

By ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

THE mid-twentieth century is a time of disenchantment for the middle-aged writer; years of buying bitter beer for the best people, in the *Old Bell* or the *Stag*, seem to have been wasted when a literary freak will bring fame and unsolicited fortune to the inspired adolescent. How can a grey novelist change his ways? Is he to spend his small capital on hormone creams, undetectable dentures and a nervous tic, in a vain effort to convince the editor of the *Amalgamated Books and Art* that he is really a Young Man? Is he to rock and roll his way to a new cult of the Angry Old Man? Or is he to smell sour grapes and gloat over the stable poverty of the young poet, the one constant in an apparently variable-standard society? The sadist and the poet in me conspire to suggest that the third and last course open to him will be the one he chooses, and to disillusion him still further by exploding the myth of the poverty of the young poet.

There was a time when I believed that the more verse you wrote the less you ate; this was, however, before the death of Marshal Stalin. It was some twelve months after his embalming that Henry, our postman (Australia is an informal democracy), knocked on the door of the flat and said: "You gotta Commo letter, mate". I gave him a glass of sherry (it was running at five shillings a gallon that year) and sent him away; the letter, as he had implied, was postmarked "Moscow". I opened it and found a long and ungrammatical advice that one of my poems, for which the Australian Broadcasting Commission had reluctantly paid me a guinea, had been chosen for publication in an Anthology of Foreign Progressive Poets. This was interesting, for two reasons—how had *The Clown* got to Moscow in the first place and how had they managed to work out that I was "progressive", when the only political classification I had ever had was as

President of Manchester University National Liberal Association? Is the National Liberal Party considered "progressive" in Moscow? If so, I had better resign pretty sharply. So my thoughts ran on.

They came to a full stop when I realized that enclosed in the letter was a draft on the Moscow Narodni Bank for ten pounds. Here was I being paid ten pounds for twenty odd lines of much publicized poem—for what amounted to fifth or sixth rights. Perhaps I was a much better poet than the critics allowed? Perhaps I could wave this Narodni Bank chit in the faces of the editors of the *Radio Quarterly of Verse* and demand premium rates for my stuff in the future? It was a memorable day in my life.

It was the first of many such days. Every month or so, a near-cardboard envelope would earn Henry a glass of sixpenny dark; at first it was only the U.S.S.R. that showed an interest in what I rhymed—then Roumania, with a splendid photograph of Nicolae Balcescu on their money—then Poland, with zloties, a currency with an even more exciting name than Bulgarian leu. It was Bulgaria which was largely, unwittingly, responsible for my present good fortune. A Russian official, sent to Melbourne for the Olympic Games and side-tracked to Adelaide for a short tour of the People's Bookshop in Adelaide's Hindley Street, told me that for his roubles it was a moral certainty that if they had admitted to publishing half a dozen poems, in the U.S.S.R., Poland and Roumania, then thirty or forty had been translated and were probably even now being anthologized in Prague, Sofia and Budapest. He was not so sure about Budapest—the Hungarians, he said, were unpredictable—but Sofia and Prague, almost a certainty, moral. If ever I got to Europe again, he suggested, a *Kulturreise* was the thing. It was not that his people were dishonest—but, exchange regulations being what they were, they

could only pay for a percentage of "Western literature" they used; he felt it was to the credit of the Writers' Union that, not being bound by any copyright convention, they had confessed to appropriating my verse for consumption in the U.S.S.R.

Sofia stuck in my mind. For all I knew, every tenth Bulgarian might walk the Spring streets with snatches of my *Autumn Song* on his lips; the sooner I got to Europe and joined a train going East the better.

I found my way to Moscow in 1957. I made discreet enquiries and eventually located the Accounts Branch of the Foreign Commission of the Union of Writers (in Vorovski Street, 52). There, a gaggle of shrivelled old peasant women, counting on beads, and a brisk, efficient young man, tracked down the balance outstanding in my name (1,900 roubles), even listed the poems (in a Cyrillic script title translation). They were delighted, they said, to have the distinguished Australian poet in their midst; they had waited for this moment for many years. They were so pleased with themselves that they spent the next few weeks scurrying about, booking me for radio and TV interviews, writing me up in the Press and ordering more verse for the files—everything, they said, would be paid for. But they were very sorry, I couldn't take more than forty odd pounds out of the country in sterling; I would have to spend my literary capital gains (taxed) in the Soviet Union. And every day I stayed in

Moscow more hard cash accumulated either in my pocket or in my account. In the fourth week, I fled to Bucharest; I was becoming a nervous wreck, a Midas of a poet earning money there was no way of spending.

Bucharest was as bad. Not only did they open the pages of their literary magazines (a writer earns, on a fixed scale of fees, as much for a thousand words as a doctor's monthly salary), they refused to let me pay for anything. In the end I flew out of Roumania in the most expensive aircraft they could muster, with a balance of lei in Cluj (I didn't get down to debt collecting in the provinces) and a complex.

In January last year I ventured into Poland; I was under orders to collect suitable material for broadcasting in *Saturday Night on the Light*—and this gave me some assurance of cultural anonymity. But I had underestimated the ashes of the Cominform. Three days after my arrival, the phone rang in my room at the Hotel Warsaw and a voice said: "Pan Makgregor, here Szymanski, we have confession that we publish many of your poems. Here for you many thousand zloty. Very good poem".

If I was that sort of man I might well turn out a metrical thing I could call *Garret to Let*—or even make some money in the West with a show built round some such hit song as *Buddy Can You spare a Leu?*

ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE.

THEY ORDER THIS MATTER BETTER IN TURKEY

By JOHN VERNEY

THE HIGH OFFICIAL yawned and put the papers back into his briefcase.

"So you've been in Turkey. I was there at the end of the Kaiser's war, after we'd kicked them out of the Middle East. Filthy place, I thought", he said.

We were alone in the first-class compartment, would probably be so for some hours yet and with nothing left to read he had fired a tentative opening remark about holidays, to which I had told him where my own had been.

"As a matter of fact I thought it was a

beautiful place", I said, "and I particularly liked the Turks. Their standard of living is still low enough for them to be happy. And they are always extremely courteous".

"Hmph". He lit a pipe and, to my slight annoyance for I had a good book, settled himself for a chat.

The express had started late, and had since ambled and creaked along with no evident intention of catching up. Now it had groaned to a halt in open country. Our compartment, a non-smoker, reeked of stale tobacco smoke, the Official adding a

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further infusion.

He had been busying himself with what appeared to be a list of figures in red ink.

"How did you travel around? By car, I suppose".

"No, I went everywhere by train".

"Didn't know they had trains. Pretty antiquated, I should think".

"Well, the engines and carriages are mostly German, built before the first war. But they were comfortable enough, with a good deal of period charm".

Squinting through the dirty window, I caught a glimpse of our engine driver sitting in the shade of a high bank.

"Looks as if we've only stopped for a moment, possibly to brew up. Do you think there's a restaurant car? We might brave the people standing in the corridor and get a cuppa ourselves", I said.

"No, I happen to know there isn't. They put one on at . . . There's no demand before . . . that is, as a rule . . .".

"Quite so. Actually Turkish trains have a chap going round with tea in a sort of thermos. Rather welcome. I wondered if you—I mean, if British Railways, mightn't do something of the kind. As an experiment. Sometime . . ."

"Wouldn't work", the Official said miserably. "People would only break all the cups".

"In Turkey the chap has *cardboard* cups . . ."

"Oh, but they would just litter the floor."

"That would, of course, be a pity . . ." I was beginning, ever so slightly, to lose patience. "In Turkey though—sorry to keep on about the place but you, that is British Railways, really could learn a thing or two even from the Turks—another chap comes round every hour and sprinkles water and thoroughly sweeps up every carriage floor. He also scrubs down the windows . . ."

"Yes, I imagine the trains there are pretty filthy. They would need all that cleaning".

"The Turks"—I exploded—"are a poor and backward nation who cannot even afford nowadays to import their national drink, coffee. (Just try and imagine the English being asked to give up beer!) They live in a vast undeveloped country. Their railways, as I've said, are antiquated. I travelled many hundreds of miles across deserts, over mountain ranges. And yet I don't recall a train leaving or arriving

more than a minute or two late".

To that the Official, sunk deep in dejection, said nothing. At once I felt ashamed. But at least we English still know how to reach out a hand to a man we've knocked down. "Look", I said, "please don't imagine I'm the sort of carping ass who denigrates British Railways without ever asking himself whether the fault, dear Brutus . . . and all that".

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, people get the railways they deserve. Railways reflect a nation's character, its standard of courtesy and cleanliness and so forth. All that's really wrong with ours is what's wrong with you and me".

"Oh? What is wrong with us?"

"Well, we—at any rate I—tend to behave far worse towards the railways, or any other public service, than I would dream of behaving normally. I resent rules, I grumble and criticize at the slightest provocation. If an official obstructs me I am inclined to bully. And if *he* bullies, I bully still more. It wouldn't occur to me to cheat a shop if I could get away with it. Yet—I admit—I'm travelling now on a second-class ticket without a quailm".

The Official started. But before he could comment I added, "And you're smoking shamelessly in a non-smoker. Oh, don't put it out. I don't mind. But you see what I mean? The Turks—to return to them—happen nowadays to be a gentle courteous nation, or such was my impression. We, alas, are not. Their railways—though doubtless less efficient and comfortable than ours—are nevertheless a great deal more agreeable. In one train I remember the corridor was packed with school-children. They had probably never seen an Englishman before and stood peeping at me. At length a little girl ventured in and handed me a bouquet of roses. As it happens it was a first-class compartment and I had a second-class ticket—in that case not from guile but because of my ignorance of the language. When the Inspector came round he realized my mistake and with great politeness insisted I stayed where I was without paying extra . . ."

But our express was again in motion. When the Inspector called I paid the surplus; my companion had no ticket and didn't seem to need one.

JOHN VERNEY.



THE CHIEF

NORTHCLIFFE. By Reginald Pound and Geoffrey Harmsworth. Cassell, 42s.

HE WAS the perfect type of the Romantic hero, the sort of man Schiller would have undoubtedly written a trilogy about, had he lived three hundred years earlier. His sudden rise to fame, his character, very much that of the "one man alone" so beloved by the Romantics and, above all, his awful and dramatic death, would have made him a "natural" for any of that school. Like Wallenstein, he flashed like a meteor across the sky; unlike him, he left behind something far bigger than the memory of a brilliant soldier—the British popular Press.

And yet, despite the impression which he made on the Britain of the first two decades of this century, Alfred Harmsworth has always appeared as a curiously dim figure. We see him through other people's memoirs; the brilliantly narrow-minded Wickham Steed, the vengeful Lloyd George, a Winston Churchill searching to understand a personality more complicated than his own. Even Geoffrey Dawson's elegant memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography* tells us more about Dawson than it does about Northcliffe.

Now the veil that has clouded him is drawn ruthlessly aside. Whatever the motives which inspired this massive book, the authors were obviously determined that the reader should see Harmsworth plain, and that, with all his faults (save one) is what we do. The result is a curiously likeable figure, one rather unlike the portrait we have had before. He inspires the sort of affection which we have for an irritating child, and that indeed, as the authors point out, is what he really was. One of Northcliffe's secrets was that he never really grew up.

The only reticence concerns Northcliffe's relations with women, and this is probably only humane, for Lady Northcliffe is still alive, and quite enough poignant memories will be raised for her by this book, especially the final chapters, that it was kind to spare her the rest. His relations with one woman, however,

are fully discussed. This book clearly reveals what had long been suspected—that Northcliffe, to the end of his days, loved only one woman, his mother, and that he was completely dominated by her. Until his death, he was more the small boy with her than with anyone else. The nauseating correspondence—"Most sweet and adored", "I miss my darling darling mother", "Your firstborn", all these quoted from a letter written when he was over fifty years of age and head of the British Mission in the United States—is quoted verbatim, and leaves no doubt that he was one of the worst cases of "Momism" that the world has seen. A devotional book, *Daily Light on the Daily Path*, which she gave him before he left on his world tour, in a desperate attempt to recover health and sanity, became an object of mystic significance, which he placed on Our Lord's Sepulchre, and which was buried with him.

So far as *The Times* is concerned, the book is mainly concerned with putting the record straight. The normal impression, sedulously fostered by Dawson, is that Northcliffe acquired control of the paper in a peculiarly underhand way, and then ran it regardless of its past traditions. In fact, though the idea of acquiring *The Times* was in his mind fairly soon after the *Daily Mail* was launched, the actual proposal that Northcliffe should buy the shares came from *The Times* itself—from Moberly Bell, the Manager, and from the Walter family. So far as running it was concerned, he himself admitted that the one real defeat which he suffered in the newspaper world was at the hands of the "Black Friars", as he called them. He wanted to make the paper the Thunderer which it had been in Delane's day; Dawson had in mind something more like the annexe to All Souls which it has now become. Though eventually he dismissed Dawson and put in Steed, Dawson was the final victor. *The Times* marched on under his leadership to the final humiliation of endorsing Munich, an action which Northcliffe would never have allowed.

There is little special pleading in this book, the authors being concerned above all to set out the facts. Where they do plead, the honesty of their method makes it inevitable that the pleading rebounds on themselves. They may well be right, for instance, when they say that Northcliffe

was never certified, but they make it abundantly clear that the only reason why he was never certified was because his family treated him as though he had been. The last month, with the broken Titan burbling insanities in his luxurious prison at Carlton Gardens, is a pretty terrifying revelation of insanity and, through other evidence which they let slip almost casually, it is obvious that Northcliffe had in fact been mad at least since 1912, though his madness did not become continuous until his world tour in 1921-2.

In the same way, no amount of pleading can make him anything but a failure in the political field. His success in America in 1917 was a public relations success in a field in which he was an acknowledged master. As a politician, he was completely outclassed by Lloyd George, and it even seems as though he played no part in the downfall of Asquith. He did, however, attack Kitchener and for that he deserves eternal gratitude, even though the *Daily Mail* was burnt on the steps of the Stock Exchange. Stockbrokers seem to have been no more perceptive than they are now.

There are many things about this book which would have displeased "the Chief". It is too long—900 pages—and it is unbalanced. Far too little time is devoted to the building up of the newspaper Empire, far too much to his fruitless sorties into politics (perhaps because the latter period is better documented). The numerous misprints would have called forth one of Northcliffe's blistering memoranda, and the founder of *Answers* must be turning in his grave at the statement (p. 530) that Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States in 1914. Yet it is a book which should be read, not only by those interested in the British Press but by those interested in the rise of the British wage-earner to a position of influence and power. Northcliffe's genius was that he understood the ordinary man completely, that he saw the change which universal education would make, and that he set out to capitalize it. The British popular Press, for better or worse, is his child, though some of its excesses would have horrified him, for he was first and foremost a journalist, not a millionaire newspaper proprietor. He changed the habits and way of life of an entire nation.

PETER KIRK.

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RELIGION AND THE GREAT ISSUES

THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE IN POLITICS.

By George Thomas. *Epworth Press*,

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BETWEEN the politician and the churchman there will always be strain. Each will always be telling the other what he should do and the other will forever be warning each to keep off his preserves. Their raw material is the same—human nature. Their functions—the conduct of human relationships—overlap. It is no more the business of a bishop to determine the Bank rate than it is that of a cabinet minister to celebrate the sacraments; but outside these technicalities no frontiers can be drawn. Neither dares ignore the other for long: on both sides co-operation, advice or reproof are sometimes obligatory.

Mr. Thomas expands this theme in his little book. It is excellent exhortation rather in the mood of the Student Christian Movement of the 'thirties, but contains little that has not often been said before. It is a *résumé* of a Christian position that is becoming traditional.

Politics should take as its axis the Christian valuation of human personality. Mr. Thomas makes this his starting point. Unfortunately he falls involuntarily into a metaphorical manner of writing that vitiates the thesis. Religion, he quotes approvingly, is the cement of society. He likes to talk of the "relevance" of Christianity, following the title of Bishop Barry's famous book.

But such phrases assume a separation between religion and the affairs of men. Christian mythology, they suggest, looks down from its shelf upon the struggling masses on the floor and cements them or relates them. This is wrong and comes of a false identification of religion with its professionalized institutions. The question we have to ask of religion is whether it is true, and if so how the secular world can develop accordingly. True religion does not stand apart from society, but is its primary quality. It is a mode of self-expression of society. If the character of our religious institutions obstructs this we must seriously consider either jettisoning or reforming them.

Mr. Thomas would do well to avoid claiming for the influence of Christianity too much of what he admires in contemporary society. Surely it has enough to its

credit without having to rely on exaggeration. The Welfare State, for instance, owes an incalculable debt to churchmen of prophetic temper. It also owes something to rationalist tendencies, now unnecessarily discredited, that did much to humanize Western society. And does it not owe still more to the inexorable drive of sectional economic interests thrusting forward the working-class movement? The achievement of Christianity is not to have created the Welfare State, but to have tempered and qualified winds that would otherwise have blown very cold and harsh.

Is it really true that "whereas we were shocked and dismayed by the bombing of Warsaw in 1939, by 1945 even Hiroshima scarcely shocked us"? Moral sensitivity has not declined quite as steeply as that. On the contrary, despite the previous succession of horrors, there was scarcely a person who was not shaken to the roots by Hiroshima; but that does not imply that a solution can easily be found to the great issues it raised.

C. O. RHODES.

A PRINCESS AND OTHERS

MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS. Translated and Compiled by Nora Wydenbruck. *Hogarth*. 21s.

AN HOUR-GLASS ON THE RUN. By Allan Jobson. *Michael Joseph*. 18s.

THE CONSECRATED URN. By Bernard Blackstone. *Longmans*. 45s.

THE SIEGE AT PEKING. By Peter Fleming. *Rupert Hart-Davis*. 25s.

PLAYS OF THE YEAR, VOL. 18. Edited by J. C. Trewin. *Elek Books*. 18s.

LOAVES AND FISHES. By George Mackay Brown. *Hogarth*. 10s. 6d.

IT WAS Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis who elicited from the poet Rilke some of the best letters he ever wrote. She liked and respected him, but she was not afraid to pull his leg. Madame Nora Wydenbruck has now translated *Memoirs of a Princess*, the recollections she compiled. They consist of early memories, diaries and sketches, and a ninety-page memoir of Rainer Maria Rilke. The strange, intense and moody poet is sketched with affectionate respect but I believe that Princess Marie wrote as happily about

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MACMILLAN

places and things as about people. Whenever she wrote about Duino, the fortified castle on the rocks in the Bay of Panzano, on the Adriatic, she communicated the pride and affection she felt for it. Some of the episodes related here, especially that of Katherine von Hohenzollern, might almost serve as film scripts or additional chapters to a book by Axel Münthe. Princess Marie's last book is an entertaining miscellany, well arranged and translated by Madame Wydenbruck.

Another unusual book of memoirs, Mr. Allan Jobson's *An Hour-Glass on the Run*, has been compiled from the recollections of his grandparents and himself of village life in north-east Suffolk. It is a pleasantly sleepy book and its tempo is adapted to the life it describes. These Suffolk county people were philosophers, and when one very old man was walking very slowly down a village street at the end of his life he answered a greeting with "Yis, Missus Barham, I'm walking very slow; but there, I'm going fast".

Old man James and his simple wife Sukey are the most curious couple in the book. When James imagined she had affronted him he said sharply, "Sukey! Walk out!" She went and stood outside the parlour door. After a few minutes came the second order, "Sukey! Walk in! My conscience accuses me". There is a glimpse of C. M. Doughty, son of a Suffolk squarson, and many other interesting people.

If anybody wants a friendly, tranquil book, *An Hour-Glass on the Run* is the book for him.

Professor Bernard Blackstone's *The Consecrated Urn* is something much more rich and strange, likely to be appreciated only by admirers of Keats's poetry. In it he carries out one of those "new assessments" which are a feature of contemporary criticism. The author's aim is to show that Keats was much more alive to the subtler currents of thought in the early nineteenth century than has hitherto been supposed. It is common knowledge that Keats was an exceptionally lively, vivid person with a tremendous zest for life and love of the ludicrous. It might have been guessed that he was interested in Erasmus Darwin's peculiar poems. Mr. Blackstone is especially concerned to emphasize the importance of Keats's conversations with Benjamin Bailey in

Oxford and his discoveries among Bailey's books.

Any modern critic's theories on these lines deserve the closest investigation. When a critic, at over a century's remove, hits upon an interesting fact about his idol, he is inclined to presuppose from the surface-hint, the existence of a great mass of material below. This supposition is not always supported by evidence. It is possible to doubt that Bailey's influence on Keats was anything more than a very short-lived affair. The importance of Mr. Blackstone's book lies in imaginative and useful comments on the poetry and personality of Keats, and on the various influences to which he was subjected, and Mr. Blackstone quotes most ably from a number of sources and best of all from the poet's verse and letters. Lovers of Keats's poetry will find plenty to interest them in what Mr. Blackstone has to say about the odes but it seems remarkable that he refers only once to the admirable essay by Robert Bridges, and then only to disagree with him in a footnote! It seems that Bridges's criticism as well as his superb shorter poems are most unjustly neglected today.

It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of Mr. Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure* on the literature of travel that came after it. Its author has never entirely recaptured the fine undergraduate exuberance of his first book, but everything he writes in his agreeable, astringent prose is pointed and pleasant to read. He never wastes words and his style is especially well equipped to deal ironically with eccentric personalities or botched and bungled episodes.

The Siege at Peking at the beginning of the present century can be considered one of them. Eleven diplomatic missions were beleaguered in the Chinese capital. In spite of the fact that they had been reported massacred ("It is impossible", Lord Salisbury informed the Queen on July 5th, 1900, "to exaggerate the horror of the news from Peking") the Legations, including the British, French, American and Japanese, were still holding out. Their diet was composed of strictly rationed pony-meat and unlimited champagne.

Mr. Fleming's book is timely because, as he says, the Boxer Rising is like the Boston Tea-party and the Black Hole of

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This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.

Calcutta something that everyone remembers, but the name only is preserved. The events have been forgotten, and Mr. Fleming has reconstructed them from the testimonies of various eye-witnesses, including the miscellaneous private papers of Sir Claude MacDonald, British Minister in Peking, who assumed the duties of Commander-in-Chief during the Siege, and the diary kept by Dr. G. C. Morrison, the famous correspondent of *The Times*.

The strange story includes the horrifying massacre of the Christian missionaries and the strange finale to the narrative, when the Dowager Empress returning to Peking bowed her response to the acclamations of the assembled foreigners. Theirs was a strange tribute paid by people who were inclined to regard her on the whole as the arch-enemy of the human race.

Mr. John Trewin has edited eighteen volumes of *Plays of the Year* and his latest collection is up to his usual high standard. It is not invariably possible for him to obtain all the plays he wants to present, but the present "Volume 18" would

justify its existence if only for the appearance of *Any Other Business* by George Ross and Campbell Singer, one of the most ingenious and gripping examples of a triumphant success fashioned out of unlikely material that the stage has produced for many years. As Mr. Trewin says, "Here is a yarn about yarn, piracy among the balance sheets, chaos in the expense accounts". At the Westminster Theatre it was magnificently produced by Mr. Anthony Sharp. It is almost as exciting to read as it was to see. Other plays included are, *The Queen and the Welshman*, *The Party*, and *Touch It Light*. All were well worth printing.

Poets from the Orkneys are rare birds. Edwin Muir found much to praise in the work of Mr. George Mackay Brown, whose first book, *Loaves and Fishes*, has just come out. Myth and legend alternate or blend with a vivid statement of the realities of a hard struggle for existence in the northern mists. There is no ambiguity in these clear-cut verses.

It is time to make a mild protest to publishers who, like the Hogarth Press, produce a book of forty-six pages, only thirty-three of which are actually text. Ten and sixpence is a lot to pay for so very little reading, and some of the pages have only a few short lines upon them.

ERIC GILLET.

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Orchestral

THERE are seven recordings of Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos* on the catalogues, all of which have merits, but none of which equals this eighth recording by the Hamburg Chamber Orchestra conducted by Harry Newstone, and now issued on Saga XIX 5031-2, for fine musicianship, just *tempi*, splendid playing throughout and a balance that puts everything in the right perspective. Sir Adrian Boult continues his recordings of Beethoven's symphonies with an admirable interpretation of No. 7 and a thrilling one

of the *Egmont Overture*; the orchestra is again the Philharmonic Promenade (Top Rank XRC 6004). The same conductor with the L.P.O. gives a first rate performance of Rachmaninov's Third Symphony (A minor), together with Rimsky-Korsakov's Russian Easter Festival Overture (which might now be given a rest) on R.C.A. Mono RB 16147 and Stereo SB 2035.

Walton's *Cello Concerto* is given its first recording by Piatigorsky, who commissioned the work, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra on R.C.A. RB 16027, together with Bloch's *Schelomo*. The cellist gives a magnificent performance of Walton's concerto, a work with many lovely things in it, but a not altogether satisfactory last movement—it does not sound an inevitable conclusion to what has gone before—and the Bloch is, of course, equally well played. The recording makes the solo instrument too prominent.

Also recommended

A very musicianly rendering of Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto* by Mindru Katz and the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli (Pye CCL 30152).

Instrumental and Chamber Music

Menuhin is at his superb best in Bartok's Sonata for Solo Violin, and Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Piano, in which he is joined by his sister Hepzibah. The latter work presents no difficulty to the listener today, its slow movement is very beautiful, but the fugal movement of the solo sonata, and some parts of the first and last movements are of a very austere character, appealing to the mind rather than to the senses. This is a record lovers of Bartok's music in all its aspects must not neglect (H.M.V. ALP 1705). Sviatoslav Richter's performance of Schubert's A minor Sonata, Op. 42, a lovely work, confirms my opinion that he is the finest living pianist and the quality of the recording is better than he has usually received (Parlophone PMA 1049).

Peter Katin's recital of a number of well-known pieces by Bach (the *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*), Scarlatti, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, and Rachmaninov is very enjoyable. He communicates the affection he feels for his chosen pieces and the recording is excellent (Decca LXT 5516).

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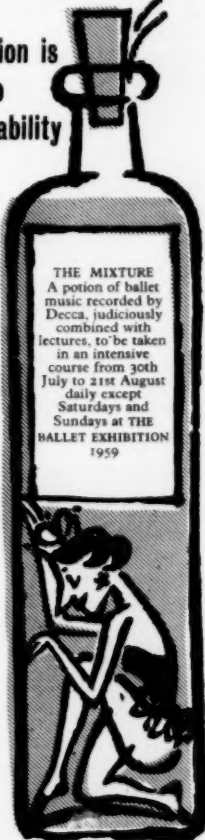
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ON THE MAT

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* * *

HOW CAN ALL THIS be conveyed to politicians, public, and tycoons? The only Socialist who appears to understand the City at all is Mr. Harold Wilson, and although one must take one's hat off to him, one wishes immediately afterwards to stamp on it and eat it. Conservatives who understand the City—and there are plenty—hate talking about it at large. As a result, the public image of the City is a bad image, and a false one. Are there no photogenic merchant bankers who will appear on TV? In fact the City is far the most swift, cheap and efficient capital-raising machine in the world. Those who work there are the stokers and engineers of the Ship of State. But, as always, the engineers are abused and unappreciated by the ship's company and passengers. They should be seen more on deck.

* * *

SSMALL OLD FIRMS which must by no means be taken over or disturbed occupy the mills of the Stroud valleys in Gloucestershire. Not to have seen Lodge-more Mills, where cloth for the Pope and the Brigade of Guards always has been and still is made; St. Mary's; Dunkirk; or King's Stanley Mill—built in the Napoleonic wars and by far the most beautiful industrial building in existence—is not to understand England at all. Here, as in Coalbrookdale—that magical name and place—one can see industry turning into

archaeology. The steep valleys which take the Cotswolds down to the Severn are all running with clear water and crammed with industry, churches, villages, fine houses—architecture of all sorts and odd bits of open country in marvellous confusion, the whole threaded by the Thames and Severn canal which, as late as the nineteen-thirties, joined those two rivers across the Cotswolds via the Stroudwater and along a route of extreme magnificence and tranquillity.

* * *

DISSATISFIED with this inheritance, the Local Authorities of the district are steadily demolishing village after hill village of perfectly sound stone houses fitted into each other and the slope with infinite thought and art, evicting the old and inarticulate and rehousing them at needless and enormous cost in ranks of yellow roughcast structures fenced with concrete posts and wire. When an occasional building is preserved it is done so self-consciously that it is destroyed as effectively as if it too had been demolished. The English dash abroad to see exactly what they are destroying at home. The Russians copy the Americans; need we copy both? They have space and resources, but few roots. We are cramped and poor, but the possessors of a rich historic soil, the nursery of our garret genius, the envy of both new worlds. Are there no civilized tycoons in Gloucestershire to make a take-over bid for the Stroud R.D.C. and its neighbours?

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BROADSTAIRS.—Warwick Hotel, Granville Rd., 150 yds. seafont centre; fully licensed. 20 bedrooms from 8½ gns. Illustrated brochure. Thanet 62246.

CAMBRIDGE.—Blue Boar Hotel. Opposite Trinity Great Gate, conveniently situated for the Colleges and points of interest. 'Phone: 3030. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

CANTERBURY'S new fully licensed Hotel, the *Chaucer*, Ivy Lane, close to the cathedral and city centre. 'Phone: 4427/8. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

CANTERBURY.—Dunkirk Hotel AA/RAC. 25 bedrooms. 4 miles north of city on A.2 (London-Dover). Ideal stop-over for travellers to Continent. Comfort, good food & service assured. Tel.: Boughton 283.

CANTERBURY.—The County Hotel situated in centre of city. 42 b'rms; night porter; garage; car park; Rotary H.Q.; stockrooms. Tel. 2066. Terms on application.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel; Restaurant; Grill; Banqueting and Conference Rooms; Cocktail Bar; American Bar; Garage. 'Phone 23471 (5 lines).

CLIFTONVILLE.—Walpole Bay Hotel. A.A.*** 65 bedrooms all with sea views. Lift. Ballroom. Every comfort and exc. catering assured. Brochure. Tel. Thanet 21703.

CLIFTONVILLE.—Greylands Hotel, Edgar Rd., offers all requirements for an enjoyable seaside holiday at reasonable terms. Illus. brochure sent or Tel. Thanet 21082.

CLIFTONVILLE.—Kent.—Endcliffe Hotel, facing sea. Every comfort. Lift. Night porter. T.V. Room radios. Terms from 9 gns. in winter. B.&B. from 22/6. Thanet 21829.

CHELTENHAM.—The Queen's, Cheltenham's leading Hotel, facing the Imperial Gardens at the head of the Promenade. 'Phone: 54724. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

DEAL.—Bristol Hotel. A.A., R.A.C. approved. Comfort and service exceptional, central heating, 100 yards from sea. Ideal touring centre for Kent. Sea fishing and golf; cocktail bar; garage for 50 cars. Tel.: Deal 1038.

DOVER.—The Priory Hotel. Fully licensed. Excellent accommodation. H. & C. central heating. Adjacent rail, bus and continental services. Personal supervision of C. F. Hearden. Telephone 53.

DOVER.—Shalimar Private Hotel, Sea front. Telephone Dover 740. (Lift). Hot and Cold Water. Terms on application.

DUBLIN.—Royal Hibernian. 'Phone 72991 (10 lines). Tel.: Hibernia.

EASTBOURNE.—Hydro Hotel, South Cliff, facing sea. 1st Class accommodation at moderate inclusive terms. 'Phone 643.

EASTBOURNE.—The Albemarle Hotel. Fully licensed. On seafont. 30 bedrooms. Liberal menus. Fine cellars. Visit Eastbourne's favourite cocktail rendezvous—'The Spider and the Fly.' 'Phone: 666.

FAIRLIGHT.—Sussex.—Fairlight Cove Hotel. Offers every conceivable facility for a peaceful holiday in Sussex-by-the-Sea; comfort, good food, and usually the best of the worst English weather. Write for Brochure, stating accommodation required. Cove Hotel, Fairlight, Near Hastings.

FOLKESTONE.—Pier Hotel. Uninterrupted views of the Channel. 3 minutes Continental Services. 35 Bedrooms. Central heating. Club bar. Special commercial terms. Garage. Telephones 444 and 2855. Grams: Pier Hotel.

FOLKESTONE.—The Continental Wampach Hotel. A.A./R.A.C.***. Family and commercial, offers first-class facilities at most reasonable rates. Ideal Conference H.Q.

FOLKESTONE.—Foursquare Hotel is open all the year round, and people really do tell us what a charming small hotel this is. Telephone 51093. A.A. and R.A.C.

FOLKESTONE.—Barrelle Hotel. Centre of sea front. Every mod. comf. at mod. terms. Established 40 years. A.A. appr., R.A.C. listed. Res. Prop. N. R. Godefroy.

FOLKESTONE.—Esplanade Hotel. A.A./R.A.C. Centre of town overlooking sea. Fully licensed. Open to non-residents. Lift to all floors. 'Phone 3540.

FOLKESTONE.—Highcliffe Hotel. Ideal pos. Overlkg Leas and sea. 50 modernly furn. Bedrooms, 4 cent. htd. Lounges. Lift. Open all yr. A.A./R.A.C. apprvd. Tel. 2069.

FOLKESTONE.—View Leas & Channel. Assured comf. & pers. supervision. All rms. H.A.C. 6-9½ gns. Brochure. Westward Hol A.A./R.A.C., Clifton Crescent. Tel. 2663.

FOLKESTONE.—Hotel St. Clair. Marine Cres., sea front. H.A.C. all rms. Ex. cuisine in dng rm. fcg sea. Lounge & T.V. rm. 7/8 gns. in season. Open all year. Tel. 2312.

FOLKESTONE.—The Byng Hotel is open all the year. Central heating. Lift. Children very welcome. Excellent food. Terms from 5½ to 10½ gns. p.w. Write or Tel. 51317.

FOLKESTONE.—Aston Hotel, Trinity Gardens. Family concern. Well known for fine food. Mid-wk. bookings welcomed. Lift, club bar. 3 Lounges. Cen. heat. throughout.

FOLKESTONE.—Cliff Lodge, 25 Wear Bay Cres. Overlkg sea & sandy bay. H.A.C., int. sprung mattresses all bdms. Gd. home cookg. Newly decor'd. 6-8 gns. Tel. 2586.

HOTEL GUIDE

Please mention the *National Review* when communicating with hotels

FOLKESTONE.—Beacholme Marine Hotel, Sandgate, between cliffs & sea shore. Excellent wine cellars, renowned cuisine, perfect service. Tel. Folkestone 78322.

HANDCROSS, Sussex.—Red Lion Hotel. Charming old coaching inn. Good food. Residential. Tel. Handcross 292.

HASSOCKS, Sussex.—The Downs Hotel. Delightful in Spring, tranquil in summer, glorious in autumn, warm in winter. At all times very comfortable. Hassocks 630.

HASTINGS.—The Castle Hotel. The oldest established Hotel in the Town. Fully licensed. Ballroom. Late Night Grill Room. Terms from 11 gns. p.w. 23/6 Bed & Breakfast.

HELLINGLY, Nr. Eastbourne.—The Old Water Mill. Good food, every comfort from seven guineas. Recommended by "Bon Vivour". Tel. Hellingly 206.

HERNE BAY.—Queens Hotel. A.A.**. Fully Licensed. Noted for cuisine and homely atmosphere. Open all year. Under pers. sup. of res. props. Tel. Herne Bay 12.

HURSTMONCEUX, Boreham.—White Friars Hotel. 18th century bldg., H. & C., elec. fires, pte. bathrooms, exc. cuisine. Lond., gras., 4 acres gdns. Tel. Hurstmonceux 3299

HURSTPIERPOINT (Near).—Stroods Hotel, Sayers Common. Fully Licensed Bar. Restaurant and Snack Bar. Open to non-residents. Parties and Dances catered for.

HOVE, Sussex.—Dudley Hotel. 72 Rooms, 50 Bathrooms. Restaurant open to non-residents. American Bar. Large Garage & Lock-ups. Hove 36266. Man.Dir.: F.Kung(Swiss).

ISLE OF WIGHT.—Lovely Bonchurch in the Garden Isle. Private Guest House in delightful position. Highly recommended. St. Michael's Cliff, Bonchurch, I.W. 'Phone Ventnor 305.

KILLARNEY (Ireland).
International Hotel. Tel.: 16.

LONDON.—Brown's Hotel. First-class London hotel known throughout the world. Private suites. 'Phone: Hyde Park 6020. Telegrams: "Brownotel, Piccy, London."

LONDON.—Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, Mayfair. W.I. First-class. Suites. American bar, banqueting facilities. 'Phone: Grosvenor 7030.

MAIDSTONE, Kent.—Bridge House Hotel. Fully licd. Accom. bed and breakfast, hot and cold, children welcome. Tel. Maidstone 4149. Prop. R. G. Simmonds.

ONFORD.—Interesting, fascinating. "Beechclawn Private Hotel." A.A. Mod. terms. Garage. Gardens. Quiet comfort. 'Phone 577101.

OXFORD.—Randolph Hotel. Close to the Martyrs' Memorial, Cornmarket and St. Giles. First-class accommodation. 'Phone: 47481/5. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

RAMSGATE.—San Clu Hotel, East Cliff Promenade. A.A., R.A.C. Licensed, lift, garage. From 9 guineas. 'Phone: Thanet 52345. 'Grams: Clueless, Ramsgate.

RAMSGATE.—The Regency. From 84 gns. 100 rms., h. & c., telephones, electric fires, 4 Bars, 5 Lounges, Ballroom, 24 acres lawns overlook sea.

RAMSGATE.—Continental Hotel, town centre. Lic. Bars. B. & B. 16/6, F.B. 25/-, 7-81 gns. weekly. All rooms H. & C., wireless, gas fires. Tel. Thanet 51052.

RAMSGATE.—Four Winds Hotel, Victoria Parade. Best of the Kentish Coast can offer. O'looking sea, standing in own grnds. Cent. htg. Garage. Perm. Res. sp. terms.

RINGMER, Sussex.—The Ringmer Hotel. First Class Cuisine. H. & C. in all bedrooms. A.A. & R.A.C. Cntrl htg. elec fires, lvly gdn, cocktail bar. Phone 148.

ROBERTSBRIDGE.—The George Hotel. A Georgian Inn reputed for good food & personal service. A.A. & R.A.C. Fishing & riding adjacent. Brochure avble. Tel. 15.

RYE.—Mermaid Inn. Fully licensed. Built 1420. Complete relaxation assured in this old Inn of character. Good food, wines and pleasant service. Priv. Bathrms. Tel. 2301.

RYE.—Durrant House Guest House, Market Street, Tel. 318211. Large airy rooms, comf. beds, h. & c. Inc. terms. Open throughout the year. Miss E. M. Locke.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—Edinburgh Hotel. Facing over Warrior Square gardens to sea. A.A., R.A.C. Fully licensed. Excellent cuisine and service. Sun verandah. Television. Beach tent. Hastings 4203/3.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—Warrior Hotel. Situated in lovely Warrior Square gardens overlooking sea. A.A., R.A.C. Fully licensed. Excellent cuisine and service. Roof garden, television, first-class amenities. Hastings 7301/5.

SANDWICH.—Accommodating 38 guests. The Bell Hotel is central for golf, fishing and touring holidays in Kent. Cent. htg. Garage accom. Tel. 3277. A TRUST HOUSE.

SANDWICH, Kent.—The Haven Hotel. Lovely period house, old-world monastery garden. Modern amenities, Recommended Food. Nr. Golf, Sands, Country. Tel. 3111.

SEDLISCOMBE, Sussex.—Brickwall Residential Hotel. Phone 253. A.A. and R.A.C. approved. In the loveliest village in Sussex. Morning coffee, luncheons, teas.

SEVENOAKS.—Royal Oak Hotel. Fully licensed free house. Comfortable well-appointed country hotel on A.21 at south end of town is situated opposite Knole Park. Fine walled flower garden in same family over 60 years. They are proud of their reputation for table and cellar. Ideal centre for visiting many beautiful houses and castles of Kent. Brochure. Telephone 2161.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS.—Milton Park Hotel, A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., Dairy, Kirkcudbrightshire. Fully licensed and modern. Overlooking water of Ken Valley. Tennis, fishing, bowling, golf and varied and delightful walks. Brochure on request. Mrs. J. Rankin. Tel. Dalry 202 & 286.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Swan Hotel, The Pantiles. Phone 2390. Visitors 672. Private and commercial accom. Excellent food. Room, breakfast and bath from 21s.

WALMER.—A "Country House by the Sea". The Glen Hotel. A small lux. hotel providing comfort and good food. Golf, swimming, tennis, sea-fishing. Tel. Deal 636.

WALMER.—Sheen Pk. Children's Holiday & Convalescent Hotel and Annexes. Enquiries to J. Haythornwaite. Principal, 272 Dover Road, Walmer. 'Phone Deal 38.

WANTAGE.—Charney Manor. For an inexpensive holiday in 13th Century Berkshire Manor House. Fully modernised, every comfort, good food. Apply Warden.

WESTGATE.—Ingleton Hotel. ***A.A./R.A.C. Licensed. 40 bedrooms with radio & phones. Fcg. sea & lawns. Open all year. Brochure. Write or phone Thanet 31317.

WROTHAM, Kent.—14th Century Hotel & Restaurant. A.20. Ideal stop for Continental travellers. Good food and personal service. Tel. Boro' Green 293.

YORKSHIRE DALES. Kettlewell, via Skipton.—The Race-Horses Hotel: medically recommended; quiet; select: renowned cuisine; recognized motoring centre; beautiful fell moorland and riverside walks. A.A., R.A.C. Fully Licensed 'Phone 233. Tariff from Resident Owner.

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